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# Tugal McTagger

Author Unknown

R.W. Hume, Leith (Edinburgh)

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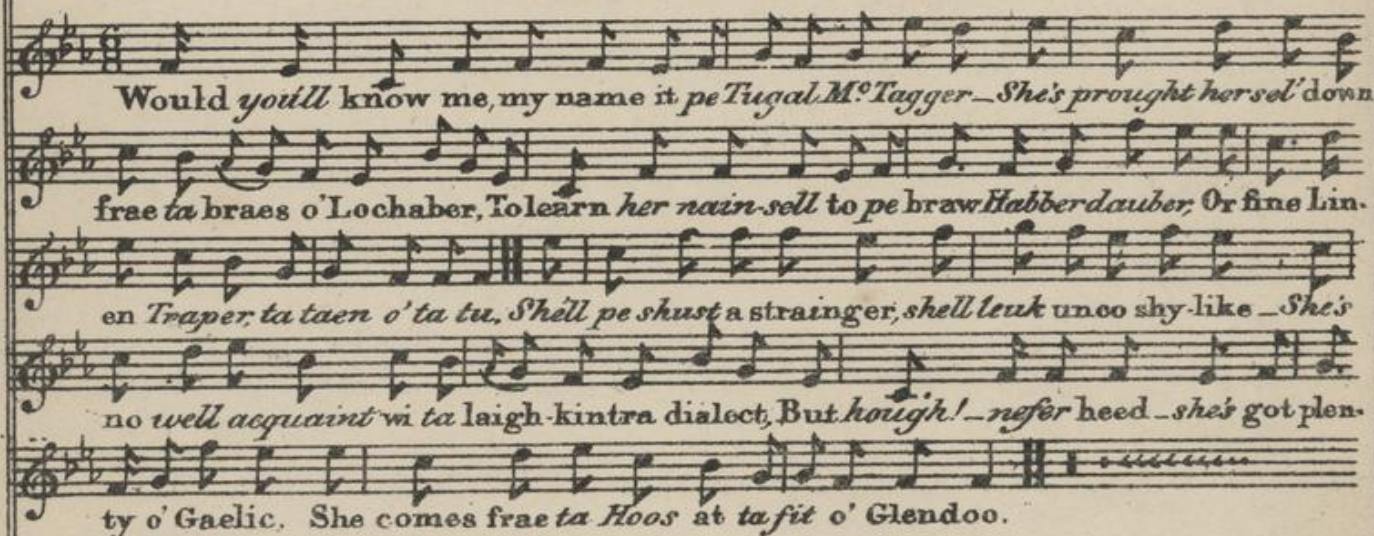
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TUGAL M<sup>c</sup> TAGGER.

But her kilt shell exshange for ta praw tandy truiser—  
 Shell learn to ta lady to scrape an' to doo Sir,  
 An' say to ta shentlemans—"hoo did you'll do Sir"—  
 An' ten shell forgot her puir freens in Glendoo.  
 An' when shell pe spokt ta laigh kintra jabber,  
 Shell gie hersel' out for ta LAIRD O' LOCHAPER,  
 Shust come for amusements, to turn Habberdauber—  
 For tat will pe praver, tan hardin' ta keu.

She'll leuk a big Shop, an shell turnt a big dealer,  
 She'll pe cautiont hersel' for tey'll no sought no hailer—  
 But Tugal M<sup>c</sup> Tagger hersel' maks a failure,  
 Tey'll callt her a Pankerump—a trade shell not knew—  
 Tey'll callt a creat meetings—shell leuk unco blate noo—  
 She'll faing gang awa,—but tey'll tell't her to wait noo—  
 Tey'll spokt a lang tinas 'bout a creat estate noo  
 Nae doot tey'll thocht shell pe ta Laird o' Glendoo.

Tey'll wrote a lang paper tey callt a Trust Deeder—  
 Tey'll ax her to sign—but hersel' no can read her—  
 Tey'll sought Compongition—Ugh! oich! nefer heed her—  
 Tere's no sic a word 'mongst ta hills o' Glendoo—  
 Oich! had she her durt nae,—hersel' could devour tern,—  
 Tey'll leuk her to shail when shell stood tare pefore tern,  
 But faith shell got out on a hashimanorum,  
 An' noo she's as free as ta winds o' Glendoo—